

Super Mario

Boldy James

(Helluva made this beat, baby)

Counted a couple hundred thousand up, my current mood
We be stretchin' blows, roundin' up them M30 blues and G74s
Dior runners for my kicks, not no Stan Smiths
Prada hoodie out the bucket, happy day
Every brick I ever touched, shit was handpicked
Still can't believe it to this day how niggas got away
My niggas callin' home, "Boldy, you a lucky man
Just hold it down until I touch and stay out the way"
Be with some niggas doin' shit that I can't never say
I got some secrets with me that I'm takin' to the grave
I'm verified in the ghetto, check my résumé
On the low end, was zippin' through like two a day
Token of appreciation, coach drew the play
All I had to do is square my shoulders up and shoot the J
Down in Chesapeake, eatin' off the blue and grey
Could show you how to turn that pit bull into a bouvier
What else?

Prices through the roof
Done turnt around more blocks than a Rubik's Cube
Why you posted in the spot with them roody-poos?
I hid a half brick in a box of cereal
Fiend shootin' in his foot on the barrio
So skinny, can hula-hoop through a Cheerio
Old money, still spin, I feel like Harry-O
On 6-4 with that switch, Super Mario, let's get it

What's the scenario?
Stuck in a ghetto full of killers with nowhere to go
Turn around and 'round we go like a merry-go
Hid three hundred pints in Melly house behind Marygrove
Thirty-five for the 'za, these ain't no Larry 'bows
Brodie went to school for truck drivin', got his CDLs
Ridin' dirty, stick tucked, ain't got no CPL
Kit on the Urus truck, bitch, she got a BBL
Quick to eyeball the work, don't even need a scale
Close your eyes, late night, you ever seen the devil?
God bless my OG, all I put her through
When I was born, somebody casted a evil spell
Witnessed murder first-handed in cold blood
Ain't have no money growin' up so I sold drugs
It's Antt Beatz, Young, and the Jack God
You know it's slide-or-die for my brother, this shit bulletproof
Mafia, what else?

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